The Royal Academy of Music Magazine

No 237 Spring 1985

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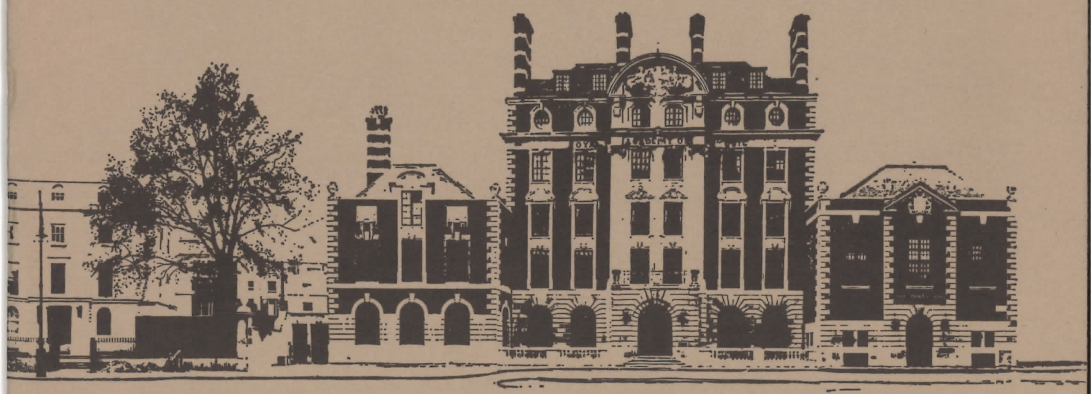

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The Royal Academy of Music Magazine

Incorporating the Official Record of the RAM Club

Editor Robin Golding

No 237 Spring 1985

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Editorial

Preparation for the 'Tippett Festival' in the eighth week of the Spring Term (25 February–1 March), in the shape of lectures and master-classes by Meirion Bowen, Peter Cropper and the Lindsay Quartet, Paul Crossley and Philip Langridge, began in the Autumn Term and continued into February. The Tippett week itself, prefaced by the first three of four performances of *The Knot Garden* (in the reduced version of the score by Meirion Bowen) included performances of the oratorio *A Child of our Time*, the cantata *Boyhood's End*, the song-cycle *The Heart's Assurance*, the Concerto for Double String Orchestra, the *Fantasia Concertante* on a theme of Corelli (conducted by the composer), the Triple Concerto, the Concerto for Orchestra, the first Symphony, the four piano sonatas and the four string quartets, and of many other works, by Tippett and other composers. It is hoped to include a report in the Summer issue of the *Magazine*.

Another 'scoop' for the Academy is the appointment of the Amadeus Quartet to take over the coaching of chamber music in September 1986, after Sidney Griller's retirement in July next year. The members of the Quartet will act as four working professors, not as a 'Quartet in Residence'; they will be in attendance for one week in each month in each term, and will participate in other aspects of life and work at the Academy.

Further work on redecoration and rebuilding, as part of a seven-year programme, has recently been completed, and includes the redecoration (and rewiring) of the fourth and fifth floors, and the completion of a large undeveloped area beneath the auditorium of the Sir Jack Lyons Theatre, to provide a Recital Room for recitals, lectures and rehearsals for large ensembles, and a properly equipped locker room.

The Amadeus Quartet Photograph Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft

In the Editorial of the Autumn issue I mentioned the Academy's intention to make a charge to former students for the loan of the more prestigious of the Academy's instruments. The Administrator, who is necessarily involved in the implementing of these charges, has asked me to say that he feels they have been widely misunderstood and that a great deal of concern has been generated, perhaps from a lack of willingness to see the picture from the Academy's point of view.

'In the past there has always been a charge of some sort for the hire of instruments (in addition to the charge for insurance) but this has never been extended to those instruments of an insured value of £40,000 or more. Recent thinking has concluded that it is not consistent that a £30,000 instrument should have a hire fee but not an instrument of twice or three times that value. The revised scheme provides for the charging of a variable fee based on the value of the instrument and scaled according to the length of time since the applicant has left the Academy (anticipating that established musicians could afford to contribute whereas recent leavers could not). To all those who have argued that they cannot afford the new charge an offer has been made to mitigate, where hardship or lack of funds has been established.

'The RAM is also concerned that instruments once loaned should not be thought to be a permanent loan for a working life, and it is felt that a loan to succeeding generations of students limited to a total of, say fifteen years will bring greater benefit to the many rather than an exclusive benefit to the very few. The more who can use these great instruments during the years when they are becoming established in the profession, surely the better.'

The letter from Deborah Salt, President of the Students' Union in 1982–3 (page 23) draws attention to the proposal to form a Young Members' Section of the RAM Club. The idea arose during the course of a conversation between her and the Principal, when they tried to think of ways to make the Club more interesting for young people: 'to bridge the gap between twenty and seventy'. The hope is to enlist students before they leave the Academy (*ie* in their final year), and to establish a link with SU activities such as the Summer Ball. Young Members (who, like Old ones, are very welcome to submit articles for inclusion in the *Magazine*) will, of course, be encouraged to attend Club meetings, but will have their own less staid gatherings. The top age-limit is thirty, and the annual subscription £5, as against £7.

Helen Weaver, the 'soul' of Elgar's violin Concerto

Vernon Jones

'Aquí está encerrada el alma de . . . . .' (1910)
('Here, or more emphatically *in here*, is enshrined or simply enclosed—burial is perhaps too definite—the soul of . . . . .')
(Elgar's own translation)

Helen Jessie Weaver (curiously 'Hellen' on her birth certificate) was born on 27 December 1860 at 84 High Streeet, Worcester, where her father, William Weaver, 'Shoemaker (Master)', ran the leading shoe shop in the county on the opposite side of the road from Elgar Bros' music shop at No 10, and a shorter stone's throw away than might be thought, since the numbers go up on one side of the street and back on the other. The Elgars lived in accommodation above their shop from 1863, so it seems likely that Elgar and Helen, three-and-a-half years his junior, would have known each other for almost as long as they could

Photograph, believed to be of Helen Jessie Weaver, reproduced by kind permission of its owner Mrs Ada Julia Cawood, Mr Norman Lebrecht, and The Sunday Times

remember, certainly when Helen learned the violin. For the Powick Band, which Elgar directed from 1879 to 1884, he wrote several lively dances with her in mind, including the Polka, *Nelly* of October 1881 (with the single word 'Hope' prominent on the manuscript's title page) and another one of 1882 inscribed 'H J W von Leipsig gewidmet' and entitled 'La Blonde', presumably because she was fair-haired. There is also one of the *Promenades* for wind quintet of 1878, *Allegro maestoso*, called 'Hell and Tommy' ('Hell'n', a typical Elgar pun?, or Hellen and her dog or cat?). Her young English friend in Leipzig, Edith Groveham (later Mrs Wood-Somers), tells a delightful story of Elgar's visit to them in 1883, when Helen tried out her German conversation. More than fifty years later, this comes in a letter of reply to Elgar's daughter, Carice, which gives no hint of any romance and does not even mention Helen by name. It seems that no photograph or letters of Helen's have come to light, and very few crumbs such as (from Mr Weaver's will): 'My piano and my late daughter Julia's needlework in two frames to my daughter Helen Jessie'.

The main sources for the story of Elgar's engagement, recently told in books by his godson Wulstan Atkins and by Jerrold Northrop Moore, are letters written at the time to his friend, Dr Buck, and the conversations Elgar had with Sir Ivor Atkins in 1932–3. I believe, however, that some vital new facts make if infinitely more poignantly tragic than accounts related so far. These are briefly as folows. Helen, a twenty-two-year-old violinist, and her seventeen-year-old pianist friend Edith, were fellow-students at the Conservatoire in 1883 when Elgar visited Leipzig for just over a fortnight, arriving on New Year's Day and staying at their *pension* at the suggestion of Helen's brother, Frank. Elgar and Helen are said to have fallen deeply in love and to have become engaged on her return to Worcester, though the families, Catholic and Unitarian, respectively, insisted on no announcement being made until Helen had completed her Leipzig studies two years hence and the religious differences had been resolved. The eventual sad outcome is supposed to be that Helen abandoned her last years in Leipzig in November 1883 in order to nurse her dying mother, decided to teach instead of becoming a performer, broke off her engagement (mainly on religious grounds) the following summer, moved to Bradford with Edith, contracted smallpox 'at some stage', which left her with distressing asthma, went to New Zealand in October 1885 with 'her lungs affected' and later died there, Elgar being given the news by Frank and Edith.

The clear possibility that the broken engagement may have been due to Helen's own health, together with the unconvincing details of parts of the story, prompted me to try to find out more. Elgar had written on 11 November 1883: 'Well, Helen has come back!! Mrs Weaver is so ill, dying in fact, so the child thought it best to return & nurse her; so we are together a little now & then & consequently happy.' In the summer of 1883 Helen had been 'a great deal at home', as her mother was not well.

It is an effort nowadays to imagine what a scourge tuberculosis was a century ago, indeed, being so infectious among members of a family that the belief in its being hereditary, like asthma, was still only just being dispelled in 1911, according to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* of that year. It frequently went undetected, and was a notoriously high risk in the shoemaking

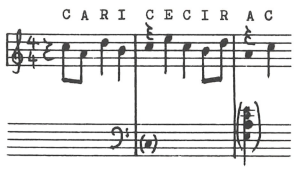
trade. Almost predictably, Mrs Weaver's death certificate shows her to have died from 'Phthisis Pulmonalis 3 years' (tuberculosis of the lungs); but there is a great deal more food for thought on this certificate. She died at No 3 (now No 5) Arboretum Road, Worcester on 13 November 1883, two days after Elgar's letter, so Helen's short time nursing her would not have been her reason for leaving Leipzig permanently; and Mrs Mary Mercy Weaver, aged thirty-five, actually Helen's *step*mother, was the *widow* of William Weaver, who had died in November 1880, thus making the story of family opposition (at any rate on the Weaver side) rather less plausible. The aunt present at the second Mrs Weaver's death lived in Essex, and brother Frank, who had helped Elgar over the short visit to Leipzig (when there would already have been an understanding between Elgar and Helen?), seems unlikely to have been one of the opposition. Frank himself later became a Catholic and had two sons who were Jesuit priests.

I suggest that Helen became infected in the summer of 1883, or indeed in childhood, that the disease was diagnosed in November by the doctor attending Mrs Weaver, and that over the next few months, having decided that Elgar must be spared the truth at all costs (both because of the risk of infection and the distress it would cause), she contrived to break off the engagement 'on religious grounds', possibly explaining away a persistent cough as 'just asthma', and, with the loyal connivance of Edith and Frank, slid out of Elgar's life as quietly as possible, despite all she must have been going through herself.

At the time of writing, despite much patient help from more people than I can possibly thank individually, I have found no trace of Helen's death in England, and there is no New Zealand death certificate under her maiden name up to 1920. Improbably long, taxing voyages *were* made, particularly by sailing ship: in 1884, the *Sobraon* left England 'with her load of consumptives' on an across-the-world trip which included six weeks in Melbourne. Tantalisingly, a twenty-six-year-old H Weever, in the Marine Register of 1887, who was lost with the *Kapunda*, turns out to have been a male purser and steward ('Nationality—Shropshire'!).

Another strong possibility is that Helen was among those who flocked to the Berlin clinic of the celebrated Robert Koch, after he had discovered the tubercle bacilli in 1882. By 1890 his work resulted in an almost frightening stampede from all over Europe. However, as the patients were treated only for a short time before returning, this leaves us no nearer to finding what ultimately became of her.

Before turning to Helen's influence on Elgar's music a digression must be made (with many apologies to all those who have had more than enough of the subject) to the hoary old 'Enigma' of the Variations; it is heartening to find after all that Elgar was still able as late as 1930–1 to relish the following prize example of his own humour, when Wulstan Atkins asked him what the 'Enigma' was: 'Well, you had better ask Troyte that . . .'. Elgar described how one day, with Troyte coming, he had placed numbered sticky papers on the piano keys, which he removed after getting Troyte to play them in order, then saying 'Troyte, you now know the "Enigma"!' 'I knew I was safe because he wouldn't remember which notes he had played.' (NB *not* 'I knew he wouldn't recognise which *tune* . . .') If I was correct in an

article published in the Midsummer 1970 issue of *The RAM Magazine*, which I would still (big-headedly) call '*The* Solution of Elgar's "Enigma"', these are the notes which Troyte played, being the letters of Elgar's daughter's name, Carice and its palindrome, turned into music by the most common method of making each letter of each new set of seven letters equal the one at the top of its column, thus:

The opening of the Variations (actual key G minor)

A B C D E F G
H I J K L M N
O P Q R S T U
V W X Y Z

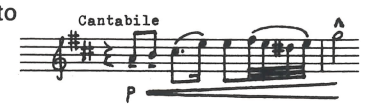
(another of Elgar's palindromes was his London telegraphic address, 'SIROMORIS', after he had been knighted and awarded the Order of Merit).

He had already written music on GEDGE, the surname of seven sisters, two of whom were his violin pupils, in 1888, probably following the example of Schumann ('My ideal' as Elgar once called him).

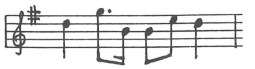
If one looks up the 'Enigma' theme in the Barlow and Morgenstern *Dictionary of Musical Themes* (10,000 of them arranged in 'alphabetical' order according to pitch, as they would be in C major or minor) it is astonishing to find only *one* which shares even the first three notes of CARICE before taking a different turning, and CARICE is one of 105,749 possible permutations for *six* consecutive notes (the wonders of the computer age!), so the view that 'it's possible to prove anything by letter substitution' clearly just won't do in this case.

As for his own clues, Dr Moore has now shown that Elgar's original 'programme note' for the first performance on 19 June 1899 was actually part of a letter of reply which he had 'delayed and delayed sending' to Charles Barry, the writer of the programme notes for the Richter concerts, who had repeatedly written asking for information. After the well known extract about having sketched 'the idiosyncracies of fourteen of my friends' there is the less quoted 'but this is a personal matter and need not have been mentioned publicly'. There follow the notes about the 'larger theme' which 'goes' but is not played (the rising CEA of bar 3—all three Elgars, in my theory) and the 'principal theme' which 'never appears, even as in some late dramas . . . the chief character is never on the stage'. The later crossword-type clue which Elgar had time to think out by October 1900 was: 'The heading "Enigma" is justified by the fact that it is possible to add another phrase which is quite familiar ['wholly of the family'?] above the original theme . . .'.

If CARICECIRAC *could* not have been pure coincidence and it is accepted that Elgar, like Schumann, did sometimes stimulate his imagination with musical letters virtually before the composing process began, it is striking to find HELEN

so closely related to

the first statement of the second subject of the violin Concerto (at Fig 5 in the miniature score), and positively uncanny to find Jerrold Northrop Moore writing 'As Edward developed his "feminine" second subject, the ghost of Helen Weaver seemed to rise again'. In Elgar's self-confessed suggestion of the *Pathétique* Sonata's slow movement in 'Nimrod' there is an exact parallel of the second and third notes being interpolations in Beethoven's melody.

It is tempting, too, (though I would not try to prove it!) to believe that WEAVER,

became in the slow movement (in other keys).

How one would like to know more of the unfinished violin Concerto of 1890 which Elgar destroyed! According to W H Reed, Elgar excitedly told him 'how the new Concerto was to be laid out, using some of the same themes, but treating them differently, and, of course, introducing a great deal of new material'. He also, mistakenly, says that Elgar had actually played the first movement of the earlier Concerto with Lady Speyer, but he must have been confused with her playing *the* Concerto's first movement in May 1910.

Sir Ivor Atkins believed, from his conversations with Elgar at the end of his life, that Helen was not only the 'soul' of the Concerto's dedication (with the five dots representing her name) but also the true subject of No XIII of the 'Enigma' Variations, and it seems sceptical indeed not to take this at its face value; no one doubts Napoleon's share in the *Eroica* Symphony because the finale uses a tune from an earlier country dance, nor that Schumann's *Fantasie* was really for Clara, despite the eventual published dedication to Liszt. Ernest Newman's *Sunday Times* article of 13 February 1955, after describing 'the whole treatment of the veiled background of the inscription of "Enigma" XIII and the violin Concerto in the new *Grove*' (V) as 'ill-informed and superficial', continues (of the concerto) 'Elgar used five dots not three as in both *Grove*s [III and V] and had the best of personal reasons for making them five'.

Helen's chief rival for the title of 'soul' of the Concerto is Alice Stuart-Wortley ('Windflower'), but despite her strong connections with it, might it not merely be that Elgar felt able to confide in her about Helen (as he did later with Sir Ivor Atkins) but did not wish to do so with his wife or Carice? Lady Elgar's belief (understandably not corrected by Elgar) that it was their mutual friend, Julia H Worthington, would have arisen from the similarity of JHW and HJW. In a letter written to Alice Stuart-Wortley's daughter in 1939 Newman says: 'I am pretty sure I know the name: the whole facts of the case were given me by a correspondent . . . who was an intimate, long ago, of both Elgar and . . . . .' After receiving the information about the ". . . . .", I asked my correspondent whether the person 'enshrined' here was the same as the one covered by the three asterisks [of 'Enigma' XIII] and I was told they were one and the same (not Lady M L of course). The details are very curious and sad.' If this correspondent was Edith it would explain her anonymity and secrecy, faithfully keeping a promise to Helen—obviously, Carice

might have been greatly upset to know how much Helen had meant to her father—but there now seems to be no conceivable reason for concealing the 'whole facts', which make Elgar's depressed and bitter side far more understandable and would seem, if anything, to enhance our view of *all* the characters involved (including Lady Mary Lygon, who, as recipient of Helen's variation, was surely as much honoured as was any friend, though not 'pictured within').

To quote Newman again on Variation XIII, 'Elgar was here dwelling in imagination on somebody and something the parting from whom and which had at some time or other torn the very heart out of him'. My own feeling is that while this is very true, at some time *between* writing the Variations and the Concerto Elgar suspected or came to know the full extent of the tragedy. It was during this period that Newman remembered a dinner at Rodewald's 'at which Mrs Elgar tactfully steered the conversation away from the topic of suicide that had suddenly arisen; she whispered to me that Edward was always talking of making an end of himself. Some extracts from her diary . . . show him . . . to have been a profoundly unhappy, goblin-ridden man during those years' (*The Sunday Times*, 30 October 1955).

Whether or not the same 'goblins' of Elgar's were one more problem for the gallant Helen nearly twenty years earlier, surely all Elgar-lovers should salute the memory of the young woman who was not only the inspiration of some of his greatest music, but whose steady nerve, ingenuity, and above all, abundant courage over a long period may well be the reason he lived long enough to write it.

Among many helpers, I am particularly grateful to Mrs Cora Weaver for much family history, to Mr Nathaniel Smith, FIMLS, for guidance on medical matters, and to Mr James Bennett, Curator of the Elgar Birthplace. The very recently discovered family album photograph, believed to be of Helen, appeared in Mr Norman Lebrecht's *Sunday Times* article of 20 January 1985 and is reproduced here by kind permission; also since this article was written, I have obtained and shown to Mr Smith copies of the death certificates of Helen's married sister, Julia (died aged twenty-six from 'C[hronic] Muco Interitis twelve months' on 8 May 1869) and their mother, Jane Weaver (died aged fixty-six from 'Chronic Hepatitis some years' on 20 January 1873). In his opinion it can safely be assumed that William Weaver (died 30 November, 1880 from 'Pernicious Anaemia twenty-nine years'), both his wives, and his daughters, Julia and Helen were all in fact victims of miliary tuberculosis. Another development is that Mrs Cora Weaver has discovered that a vague family tradition of a daughter of another of Helen's sisters having married a Mr Munro and gone to New Zealand, *has* turned out to relate to Helen herself: On 9 April 1890 (nearly a year after Elgar's marriage to Alice) Helen Jessie Weaver, twenty-nine, Spinster, of Worcester, was married to John Munro, also twenty-nine, a Bank Officer, of Auckland, in St Paul's Church, Auckland. This information takes us very close to putting in place the final piece of the jigsaw—Helen's death certificate—and establishing whether her early death was from tuberculosis, or if she had been cured by the time of her (childless?) marriage.

Profile
Gwydion Brooke, FRAM

Gareth Morris

Photograph by Allegro Photographic Studios

Gwydion Brooke, who retired last July as professor of the bassoon, is one of the world's most outstanding wind virtuosi. A master of understatement and of exaggeration, I have heard him describe himself as a broken-down bassoon player who was not qualified to ask examination candidates to play scales because he couldn't do so himself. In fact his extraordinary technique, beautiful intonation and wide range of sound have always been the envy of woodwind players, and to join him in chamber music or the orchestra was a joy. His very personal style of playing derives from his extraordinary personality; intelligence, a marvellous ear, natural talent and being the son of a distinguished composer are enough to create a distinctive amalgam, but this delightful and much loved personage is an eccentric, with imagination and a sense of sarcastic fun, all of which contribute to his unique performances.

Mr Brooke isn't keen to divulge his age (when I once asked how old his mother was, he replied 'Oh, right up in the hundreds, I should think') but I happen to know that he was born early in the reign of George V; perhaps he grew his stylish beard a year or two ago in honour of that monarch. He was the fourth of the five children of the composer Josef Holbrooke, a celebrated and colourful musician who gave his son a bassoon, arranged for him to be taught and told him to get on with it, which he did with immense success. After studying at the RAM he soon joined Sir Thomas Beecham's newly formed London Philharmonic Orchestra and found himself very much in sympathy with that highly individual artist. Sir Thomas was a great champion of Josef Holbrooke's music and there is no doubt that he admired his son; but nevertheless Brooke decided that a little respite from London life would be pleasant, so off he went to Glasgow to be principal bassoon of another new ensemble, the BBC Scottish Orchestra. Here he was the indisputable star of the woodwind section, and also of a light music group known as 'Rhythm Classics', whose arrangements, made by the orchestra's trumpeter, featured Gwydion Brooke's dazzling technique and natural flair for presenting an expressive melody. Their regular broadcasts became famous, and only ended when war came and he departed to serve in the army.

When war was over, and Beecham formed his new Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Brooke was soon back again, and we can still hear his outstanding interpretations of orchestral solos in recordings made in those days. In 1960 he was appointed to his professorship at the RAM, and on Beecham's death he moved to the Philharmonia Orchestra at the invitation of Walter Legge, who immediately appreciated his unusual manner and impeccable professional behaviour. As a member of the elegant Wigmore Ensemble he displayed his sensitive mastery of the art of chamber music playing; and as a teacher, the affection of his numerous students testified to his dedication and generosity to them. Most of all, though, he is admired and loved by all his orchestral colleagues.

The Suzuki method, the Kodály method, and cello teaching

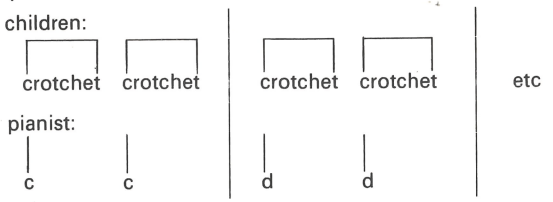
Agnes Köry

I am alarmed by the increasing popularity of the Suzuki method, which I consider damaging in the long run, and I should like to discuss an alternative method for cello teaching.

The quality of our long adult life is determined by our childhood experiences. With the Suzuki method the child starts at an extremely early age and continues through childhood. The method is based on dependence, imitation and obedience. The child is not encouraged to understand the reasons for the various demands or to express his own feelings on the instrument. Constant listening to Suzuki records and imitation are the order of the day. Dependence on the parents is obligatory and if the parents cannot afford several hours a day for the child's musical education, the child is lost to music. Places of the fingers are marked on the fingerboard, so the method relies more on visual aid than on aural training for the muscle work. Though Dr Suzuki says that 'our purpose in musical education is not to produce professional musicians', he demands six hours per day from the child, four hours listening to Suzuki records and two hours practising. Reading and writing music is left for as late as possible, so that the child is forced to depend on imitation.

I attended Miss Yvonne Tait's workshop on the Suzuki approach to the cello. The method claims to train for the love of music and not for a professional career, yet bowing and applause seemed to be an essential part of the lessons. Command words replaced explanation: 'sit', 'stand', 'play', 'freeze', etc. I found it more cruel than useful to command Rosie (four years old) to sit motionless in cello playing position (bow and left hand in position on the string) for four long minutes, especially as her cello was too small and her back bent. Dynamics were taught by hitting the body of the cello softer or louder with the palm of the hand. Surely dynamics are achieved primarily by varying the bow speed and the place of the bow between the bridge and the fingerboard: pressing or hitting will kill the sound. Both Rosie and Samuel (seven) appeared to have good sense of pitch, yet if they played out of tune, the teacher pushed their fingers into the correct position: they were not encouraged to find the notes by themselves. They were commanded to repeat the words 'G major F sharp' ten times, without the slightest explanation what the construction of a major scale was. During the group lesson the children were made to stand while bowing

etc on open strings. They used the same spike length as when sitting, and though they may have experienced the sensation of freer arm movements, this sensation could not compensate for their dreadfully bent backs. Aural training was demonstrated in the following manner: the pianist played crotchets on each note of a major scale, while the children sang the words 'crotchets' in quavers:



Unfortunately I had no opportunity to find out whether the children became suitably confused about crotchets and quavers.

Like Dr Suzuki, Zoltán Kodály believed that all children should have the opportunity to learn music. He developed a comprehensive method based on singing. When defining what he meant by a good musician, Kodály quoted from the *Musical Maxims for Home and Life* by Robert Schumann: 'Aural training is absolutely essential . . . try singing from written music without the help of an instrument. It will sharpen your sense of hearing'. Before they take up an instrument the children learn to read and write music and they learn to sight-sing with the aid of the relative tonic sol-fa. Sight-singing is continued in aural classes throughout the whole course of instrument training.

With my own pupils I find the Kodály method an invaluable help both for general musicianship and for the technical side of cello playing:

(a) The beginner does not have chalk marks on the fingerboard: he plucks an open string, sings 'doh' at the same pitch, then sings a 'ray' and finds the place of the first finger. Places of the other fingers are established on the same principle, so the pitch creates the fingering and not the other way round. Singing, that is the creation of the sound in mind before playing, is practised through all my teaching, not only with beginners. It seems to help the muscular execution of even big jumps and shifts on the fingerboard. Mostly people sing with straight backs and relaxed muscles; even cello playing posture benefits a great deal from singing.

(b) The string player may play in an orchestra or chamber group, but he still plays one part only. My pupils do duos with themselves: they sing one part and play the other—they get used to listening to several parts at the same time.

(c) Composers and conductors often ask instrumentalists to sing on their instruments. As Kodály stated: 'Such encouragement is wasted on those who never sung'.

The Kodály method makes sight-singing accessible for even the not very gifted child. Singing in turn helps posture, phrasing, dynamics and expression on the instrument. Sight-singing ability ensures the sound in mind before playing, so unlike with the Suzuki method, there is no dependence of imitation. In the Preface of his *Mikrocosmos* Bela Bartók writes 'instrument tuition should be developed from suitable singing exercises'.

When he was seven, Tristan was classed as a tone-deaf growler and he could not distinguish different sounds. I did a

preparatory course with him. We did a lot of singing, first with one note, then with two notes (minor third: s-m) and three notes (minor and major thirds: s-m-d). Afterwards I introduced tones and semitones and by the end of four months he could sing quite well in tune. Then we started on the cello. First he could not locate any pitch on the cello even if I played and sang to him. But when he sang the required intervals himself (which he could do by then) he could find the correct places for his fingers. Today he is an excellent singer, an excellent cellist and a very happy and competent musician.

The Suzuki method appears to train little robots, who function according to a time-switch (it is compulsory to bow to the teacher at the beginning of the lesson) and carry out orders with obedience. As Kodály said: 'Our age of mechanisation leads along a road ending with man himself as a machine: only the spirit of singing can save us from this fate. . . . Whoever works to promote this end, one way or another, has not lived in vain'.

(Agnes Köry was a student at the RAM in the 1960s. This article first appeared in the ISM's *Music Journal* of June 1981, and is reprinted by kind permission.)

To China by rail

Stephen Rhys

Our daughter Francesca had been at Fudan University, Shanghai, for a year learning the Chinese language. Here was a never-to-be-missed opportunity to visit her in China; to see the country with a Chinese-speaking English relative.

My wife and I travelled to the Hook of Holland, and caught the Moscow train *via* Berlin and Warsaw. Each of the through coaches had a Russian attendant and a samovar of constant boiling water, from which we could draw off cups of tea whenever we liked. In Moscow we spent one day practising our thirty words of Russian in the Metro, in trams, in GUM, and out on the street. Very few people seemed to speak English. Our greatest anxiety was to find Yaroslavl, another Moscow terminus, for the next stage of the journey.

This second train took three days and nights to reach Irkutsk, where we had planned a two-day stop. It lies at the south end of Lake Baikal. Our carriage had four beds. The upper two were occupied by two Russian children (cousins) who enjoyed themselves at night with pillow-fights. In the day-time they threw Russian sweets at us and we replied with dried fruit and apples. Lake Baikal is 400 miles long, the deepest freshwater lake in the world, and on average about ten miles broad. We booked and caught a local bus to the lake. The wind there was still cold in July. Our third train took us across the border into China. There was a four-hour stop to change the wheels. The frontier at Zabaikalsk was not unlike Scotland. On the Russian side there were black wooden houses, on the Chinese side we began to see red brick houses, and soon, the countryside was intensively worked. It was beginning to grow dark, but we saw to our delight the railway engines were steam, huge black monsters taking their loads one, two or more days' journey across China.

Three days later we were in Peking. We had told our fellow-travellers (mainly Germans and Swedes) we would meet Francesca there, and they gave us a cheer when she appeared. Outside the station we were suddenly in crowded China.

Crowded was our first impression. And the huge variety of Chinese faces from broad flat Mongolian to thin toothy with glasses. From old men with only a grey unbuttoned cloth jacket and blue trousers in the 'squatting on your haunches' position to elegant and beautiful young girls with black hair. But everybody's clothes were spotlessly clean and generally ironed as well. Today's more liberal outlook allows shirt tails outside trousers—grey, olive-green (also the soldiers' colour), blue, brown trousers. There was the occasional traditional straw hat (more in the countryside), long black silk coat, and double-pointed beard. On the roads we saw the bicycles—hundreds and thousands of them. They each have a registered number, and are strongly built. The basic bike is extended to bikes with sidecars and to considerable tricycles towing small-type-lorries with enormous loads: water-melons, beans, every type of commodity. Incidentally, there is a great code of honesty in China with little theft. There are few private cars.

Francesca had found us the cheapest hotel which was allowed to take foreigners. From Peking we were able to visit the Great Wall, which creeps snake-like over the northern mountains and was intended as a barrier against invading hordes. (Dr Johnson: 'A son whose father has climbed on the Great Wall will always be the son of a man whose father has climbed on the Great Wall'). The Wall is 3,700 miles long, twenty feet high and ten feet broad. We also visited the Ming Tombs, tombs of Emperors of previous dynasties, went to a Protestant church service (which was completely full, and had not been put on display on our account!), and saw the Winter and Summer Palaces, previously inaccessible to the public and now open to all.

We also saw a touring company at the Peking Opera. We were lucky to get four returned tickets. The tickets are cheap, but much sought after. This was our first encounter with the high Chinese soprano voice, as if the top head register has been highly developed. The story was traditional, with rival families, a busybody aunt and a coachman. The words sung by the singers were also projected onto a screen on the side of the stage. The four 'tones' of the Chinese language (each word has its characteristic sound-shape) are impossible to preserve in music, so the words need to be seen as well as heard, even though the story is familiar to all. In the orchestra was a percussion group (cymbals and drums) led by a wood block player who tapped out improvised rhythms to increase or reduce emotional tension. The melodic sections (usually without harmony) were accompanied by *erhu* (a sort of violin) or *pipa* (a bamboo pipe). To our ears it was at first very strange, but later we could only just tear ourselves away. This was necessary as we were due to catch the night train to Shanghai.

Shanghai was Francesca's University town and very hot. As part of our visit we were taken to two houses of Christian Chinese families who had adopted our daughter. She was treated as one of the family. In each case, the whole family was crowded into two rooms. They were obviously not well off, but they fed us royally with fourteen dishes, introduced us to Chinese chess and talked to us about the disastrous ten years of the 'Cultural Revolution'. Mao had decided that the lack of progress in China was due to too much dependence on the past, on Russia, on the West. Western Culture was thrown overboard with Religious tolerance, Education. Schools were closed and intellectuals sent

to the countryside. 'We are glad those times are past.' There is today a great fashion to learn English, and people were constantly asking us for English-speaking practice.

Perhaps our happiest moments were spent climbing the Yellow Mountain. The Chinese venerate their mountains and have built paths of stone steps up and down the peaks. We climbed up several of the thirty-two main peaks. The routes are often sensational, but always as we passed the most alarming precipice, there was (sheltering under an umbrella, to ward off the daily thunderstorm) the coffee-lady with her little packets of coffee or powdered ginger and her thirteen thermoses of boiled water. One morning we were up at four to see the sunrise with hundreds of Chinese in Mao-quilted-jackets.

Our return journey took us from Hangzho to Guilin, with the fairy-tale limestone mountains along the Lijiang River. We nearly took the plane to Hong Kong, but my wife (who has drawn the picture of the coffee-lady's son with the thermoses on Yellow Mountain) was determined to complete the whole journey, Hook of Holland to Hong Kong, by train. So train it was. I can still see our carriage, a group of Chinese gathered round us with a white-uniformed railway policeman, practising their English. 'Please, we would like to say, we have enjoyed our English lesson.' Outside, the rice fields. One field is being harvested, the next is being planted with more rice seedlings, in the next the patient brown water buffalo is dragging the plough and a Chinaman through a muddy flooded field.

Peter Uppard's 'Katerina'

John Gardner

When, about eight years ago, I asked Peter Uppard whether he would do a Piano Rep Class for me, he said he was too busy writing a musical to take on any extra jobs. This seemed a moderately outrageous reason for declining extra remuneration. An Ass Board orgy in Scunthorpe would be understandable; or a mighty Competition Festival in Huddersfield. But a musical! I almost laughed out aloud.

In 1977, however, I heard a tape of its songs and ensembles made by Academy students with the composer at the piano. One hauntingly sad and beautiful number, 'Saying Good-byes', took my fancy especially and, later, he inscribed it in my autograph book. Many times since then I've read it or played it, fascinated not only by its somewhat Slavonic melancholy but also by the way Uppard had applied irregularity of phrasing to a frankly popular idiom—often the hallmark (*vide* Bacharach, Sondheim and others) of a major tunesmith.

Appetite-whetting though this pre-audition was, I was not prepared for the impact of this song at the first production of *Katerina* at the Northcott Theatre, Exeter, in November of last year. Sung at the beginning of Act II by Meriel Dickinson as Martha and later deployed polyphonically amongst the voices of the entire cast in an expertly contrived choral texture, it overwhelmed me. I had that spinal shiver which provides all of us with the least disputable of critical criteria. But there is more to the music of *Katerina* than one song. Uppard's musical style is eclectic, and ranges from the aptly commonplace, breezy sailors' chorus of Act II through the light but classy 'Ever since you were so high' of Act I to the recurrent solo and duet 'I will remember': a number which can be compared melodically with Lehár and harmonically with Fauré.

In his interesting foreword to the programme Uppard says that in *Katerina* he had the intention of creating a typical operetta *milieu* of epaulettes, champagne and caviare and submitting it to the rigours of twentieth-century history (the Russian Revolution in this case). Aided by brilliant staging (the Northcott seems to have first-rate machinery) and an adequate cast the idea works splendidly. The first two Acts are rivetting without ever descending to overt violence, a temptation to which many a lesser dramatist would have succumbed.

The third Act I found less satisfactory. It was not made absolutely clear how Katerina made her obviously good living in Paris. From her jewellery? As a whore? The *décor*, with its lurid backcloth of nudes, suggested a *bordello* rather than a night-club, so maybe the latter. Certainly her song in this scene, 'Alone in the city', had something of the emotional effect of Cole Porter's 'Love for Sale', one of the greatest songs of the late twenties. This was a musical peak which was paradoxically enhanced by the fact that Rosamund Shelley was no great shakes as a singer. One had the impression of deep feeling which could not be fully expressed finding solace in a beautiful melody.

The final curtain, where Katerina, knowing her Russian fiancé to be dead, declines an offer of marriage from the Englishman James Halliwell and decides to go it alone, was, in my opinion, a bit tame, though as it was followed by a *tutti* resumption of 'Saying Good-byes', any misgiving I may have felt was immediately dispelled.

Katerina is a very great achievement for Uppard. He has revealed, for some of us surprisingly, that he is a masterly theatrical craftsman whose ear for dialogue is as acute as his gift for melody. In these respects he reminds me more of Noel Coward than of Vivian Ellis. If I had to pigeon-hole *Katerina*, however, I would call it up-market Ivor Novello. This is very high praise, and we at the Academy should salute our outstandingly gifted colleague and pray that he will adorn the English musical stage on many more occasions in the years to come.

Library news

Jane Harington

Max Gilbert has presented some music for viola and other stringed instruments, including many out-of-print pieces, and manuscript copies of *Pastorale fantasia* by William Alwyn and *Humoreske* by Maurice Jacobson.

The manuscript of the piano trio, Op 118, long lost, has been added to the York Bowen manuscript collection in the RAM, through the kind offices of Mrs Reizenstein. Certain other pieces by York Bowen are still missing, and believed to be in private hands. If anyone has a manuscript from which he may sometime have played, we should be very glad to know of its existence. Enquiries for York Bowen's music are often received here.

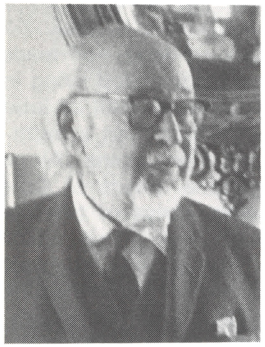
Barry M Sterndale-Bennett presented four printed scores of works by G A Macfarren, and other items; and Alfred Kitchin has given to the Library the records of the works of Louis Ferdinand, Prince of Russia. A rare set, it has not been available in this country.

In the RAM Library there are a very few, slightly old-fashioned, language courses on record, which may be borrowed for home use. Any offers of sets no longer required (preferably *Linguaphone*), as gifts or for a price, would be very gladly received, as I should like to expand this service.

Obituary

Geoffrey Crump 1891–1984

Patrick Nobes



Photograph by Richard Adeney

Geoffrey Crump died on 31 December 1984, aged ninety-three. He was born on 29 October 1891, at Sawston, near Cambridge, where his father was Vicar. He was an only child. He went to Marlborough in 1904, and then up to Queens' College, Cambridge, in 1909, to read Theology. There was no English Tripos in those days, but he became deeply interested in English language and literature. He felt a new sort of education was needed, and as soon as he was demobilised he went to see J H Badley, the founder of Bedales. Badley saw that English should replace classics as the foremost subject in a modern school, and appointed Geoffrey Crump to organise an English Department, one of the very first in the country. His contribution to the development of English in education was outstanding. He laid particular stress on communication, and believed that the spoken word is more important than the written word in teaching communication through language. He saw speech and drama as a vital part of English teaching and he was one of the most gifted teachers of English of his generation.

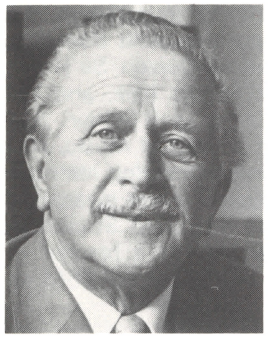
He left Bedales in 1946, after nineteen years, to become a professor at the RAM, and from 1948 to 1962 he was Director of the Speech and Drama Course at the Academy as well as being, from its inception, Secretary of the Society of Teachers of Speech and Drama. When, in July 1962, the RAM had to give up the Speech and Drama Course in order to accommodate the ever-growing number of musicians it was taking on, Geoffrey helped to start the New College of Speech and Drama in Hampstead.

Geoffrey was a good actor and a very able producer, whose productions gave enormous pleasure to generations of audiences, and, above all, to the actors. He founded the Steep Shakespeare Players, who gave regular presentations in the beautiful gardens of Ashford Chace between 1923 and 1961. Many very fine actors of established, or growing, national fame took part in these productions. He was closely associated with the Fair Oak Players. He founded the English Amateur Players, who toured Scandinavia and Germany between the wars. In 1965 he directed the first of the Court Players' productions at East Meon, but some six plays later, when he was about eighty, he decided the time had come to give up direction. Until this time he had continued with his regular lectures at the armed services Staff Colleges, and his teaching at Wells Theological College went on even longer. For many years after his leaving the New College he travelled throughout Britain and across the world as an external examiner, adjudicator, and lecturer.

He was also an author, and his books on the teaching of English were among the first, and were widely read and used (his last book, the autobiography *A Journey in My Head*, was written in under a year, when he was ninety). He was an artist, and a musician. He loved reading, conversation, and good wine. He was a poet and a playwright. His long, active life and varied career were characterised by great energy, directness, clarity of thought and expression, awareness of joy and beauty, a determination to use his not inconsiderable gifts to the full, humour, and a love and loyalty towards his family and friends. First Windrush and then Oakhurst saw hundreds of visitors warmly entertained. Many of these were famous people, but you did not have to be great to find a warm place in the hearts of Geoffrey and of his kind and beloved wife Barbara, whom he married in 1917, and who died in 1979: they always made you welcome. This warmth and friendliness they passed on to Elisabeth and Timmy (the oboist Peter Graeme). His children's love, and that of their families, was the greatest source of comfort and happiness to him, as he stressed in his last conversations with friends.

Morgan Lloyd 1903–85

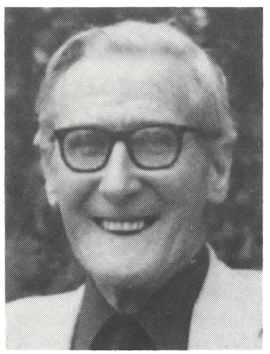
Peter James



Morgan Lloyd, who died in Swansea on 26 January at the age of eighty-one, was one of the best loved and respected South Wales musicians. Something of a violin prodigy (he played the Mendelssohn Concerto in public when barely into his 'teens), he entered the Academy in 1920 with the assistance of funds from local subscription concerts and also the Sainton Entrance Scholarship; in 1921 he won the Sir Edward Cooper Prize. He forsook a developing professional life in London to return to his beloved Swansea and, almost uniquely in those days in South Wales, was able, with his wife, Dilys, to forge a successful free-lance career spanning half a century, as teacher and performer: soloist, orchestral leader and palm-court serenader. Many of his pupils (including myself) who became professional musicians were nurtured by his expertise, always coupled with warmth and encouragement. He will be greatly missed for his energy, infectious sense of humour and sheer zest for life.

Bernard Symons 1892–1984

Vernon Jones



There can never have been a more effective method of producing an instantaneously lit-up face than merely by mentioning the name of Bernard Symons to any of his acquaintances, and not just because of his ever-present sense of fun, but for the warmth and kindness which lay behind it. My first contact with him was soon after his return to England from teaching at McGill University, Montreal (1946–55) and he was a dear colleague in three or four local piano teaching posts from then on. One need only have seen the *rapport* with his grandson at, say, four years old to know that 'age barrier' would be a meaningless phrase to him. As far as I could ever make out, his one strange failing, preferring cats to dogs, was mostly due to their unstinting contempt for him and everyone else.

He had taught at the Matthay School throughout the inter-war years as well as at the Academy (1924–39), where he formed a violin and piano duo with Winifred Small, and his fund of anecdotes, mostly from this period, was a constant delight. I think my favourite was the one about the examiner who began to doubt his sanity when he gave a small Grade 2 candidate a sight-reading piece in A minor and heard a perfect performance of the F major one on the reverse side of the sheet; it turned out that the teacher had managed to have her best sight-reader examined in the morning and stood outside copying it for the later ones to learn!

Bernard Symons must have been one of the last of the RAM's survivors of the shell-holes and trenches of the First World War, in which he was a private in the Honourable Artillery Company; even earlier he had been the piano teacher of John Barbirolli, who would tell him in later years 'I never could play the piano, but it wasn't your fault!'. No one who heard him as a young man of about seventy-five playing Chopin's *Barcarolle* would question his own ability (though when a little girl once asked him if he had done *his* Grade I he had to confess he hadn't!) and several years later he even devised a Chopin 'Butterfly' Study in sixths after his own octaves had 'shrunk'. He celebrated his ninety-second birthday in February last year by giving his last piano lesson.

Constance Warren 1905–84

Michael Jones

From the painting by Benjamin Warren, RBSA

He himself, like his lifelong friend Vivian Langrish (best men at each other's weddings) had been a pupil of Tobias Matthay and, though dismissing any idea of the existence of a 'Matthay Piano Method', was fond of saying 'he taught us how to *live*'. Many people would say the same of the much loved 'St Bernard'.

Constance Warren, pianist and composer, died in Moseley, Birmingham, last October, aged seventy-nine. She gained her LRAM when she was eighteen, studied the piano in London with Maria Levinskaya, and entered the Academy in 1929 as the Josephine Troup Scholar, to study composition with Benjamin Dale, and piano with York Bowen and Clifford Curzon. Sir Henry Wood conducted some of her orchestral works here, and the Griller Quartet performed her string Quartet in B minor. She taught for many years at the Birmingham School of Music, also writing and setting examination papers and pioneering methods of sight-reading and aural training, for which she was awarded a Fellowship on her retirement as Head of Keyboard Studies in 1970. She was regarded by many musicians as a teacher of distinction, and a Memorial Concert is to be held at the BSM on Sunday 12 May at 2.30.

Reviews of New Books and Music

Sir Thomas Armstrong

E Wulstan Atkins: *The Elgar–Atkins Friendship* (David & Charles, £15)

All who had to do with Ivor Atkins, whether socially or professionally, will remember him as a courteous and friendly man, a well-equipped musician, enterprising in outlook, able both as scholar and performer: and this book, written by his son, fully confirms the estimate, showing him also as a loyal friend and an untiring worker for the music of Elgar, not only in the Three Choirs Festival where his influence chiefly operated, but also in many other fields.

It was at an early stage in his career that Atkins came under the spell. Writing after the first performance of the overture *Froissart*, in 1890, Atkins proclaimed 'I knew that Elgar was the man for me, I knew that I completely understood his music, and that my heart and soul went into it.' Elgar was then thirty-three and Atkins twenty-one; and the devotion inspired at that concert, when Elgar was playing at the fourth desk of the second violins, proved to be a lasting and unvarying one.

Many young people of my generation felt the same. Jack Westrup used to say that nobody born after the turn of the century could possibly understand the excitement and exaltation that Elgar's music produced among the young musicians of that time, many of whom had never heard such orchestral and choral sounds as Elgar created. I remember playing over and over again some passages from *King Olaf*, which my father had just conducted. At the time they seemed magical, and they still do: I can play them today from memory, and recall the emotion that they aroused. We were, one must remember, provincial musicians, with no records or radio; and these sounds were a revelation of new worlds in music.

Wulstan Atkins's account of this friendship, illustrated as it is with countless letters and photographs, makes a long book, some 500 pages in all, reading in some ways like a summary of day-to-day entries in a meticulously-kept diary. Social and domestic events that cannot be regarded as musically important are recorded: but these do build up a picture of the provincial background against which the young composer worked, a society that greatly influenced his development: the Cathedral Close: the well-marked social distinctions: what the Dean will allow: all that Barchester survival. Very noticeable is the change of atmosphere when Elgar's letters are no longer addressed from Craig Lea, Wells Road, Malvern, but from Brooks's Club, or the Athenaeum, or the house of his aristocratic friends. Yet it was to Worcester that he longed to return at the end of his life.

There is a marked difference in style between the letters of the two men, Elgar's the more nervous and volatile, Atkins's modest, efficient, appreciative, and often clearly designed to encourage the composer during not infrequent times of despondency. Few signs appear of the prickly and irritable side of Elgar's nature: on the contrary; in his dealings with Atkins over the conductorship of the Worcester Society he is scrupulously considerate and friendly. And there are no unkind references to other composers: Elgar writes in strong support of music by Harty, Walford Davies, and even Stanford, with whom he had such unhappy relations.

There is, however, one outburst, in 1908, about inadequate remuneration for his longer works. 'I would gladly throw up the whole ghastly phase of respectability to be able to write big things ... nothing in fact that is big pays for the paper it is written on ... so I must write rot, and drop all ambition. It is sickening, but it is so. Gods wills it and be damned to it.' That phrase about dropping the respectability seems particularly significant; and it is also significant that among the small unpretentious works, presumably those dismissed by the anguished composer as 'rot', there is music now thought to be among Elgar's most perfect and characteristic. The whole passage interests me, because Elgar used those very words in a conversation with my father about *Enigma*.

Another revealing letter was written in 1925 about Elgar's resignation from the Athenaeum. 'I have taken my name off the list', he writes. 'My action is regretted by the Committee, but they admitted a person whom I think unfitted for membership, and my action was short, sharp and decisive.' The unsuitable person was Ramsay MacDonald, the Prime Minister.

Some letters, rather painfully fanciful in style, are written in a mock-mediaeval language, with the two friends addressing one another as 'Firapeel' and 'Renart ye Foxe', perhaps in imitation of Schumann's fantasies: some of these are illustrated with drawings that show definite talent. Even so, although frank and open, they reveal little sense of true intimacy. Once or twice, notably after Lady Elgar's death, more profound feelings are expressed: but the impression remains that if any letters still exist that throw a real light on Elgar's deeper personality these must lie, still unpublished, among those written to the various women whom Elgar admired, some of whom are named by Wulstan Atkins in an interesting appendix about the composer's deliberately mystifying dedications. Perhaps the only answer is in the music itself.

Obviously planned and completed with admirable care and thoroughness, the book is perhaps intended not to be read as a continuous sustained narrative but to be consulted and referred to, as one dips about among the entries in an old diary: and certainly a reader who takes the book up and turns over a few pages will find many unexpected sentences and letters and

documents, as well as fascinating photographs, that illustrate and sometimes explain the musical life of an important generation, and of two men who made creative contributions to that life.

What stands out, at the end, is the quality of a long and faithful friendship, never clouded by misunderstanding or jealousy, never impoverished by changing loyalties, never threatened by new obligations. It was an achievement—an achievement only possible, with Elgar such a wayward genius, because his friend was a steady, modest, understanding colleague. Unselfish too. In short, a GOOD man.

John Streets

Curtis Price: *Henry Purcell and the London Stage* (CUP, £30)
Robert Orledge: *Debussy and the Theatre* (CUP, £25)

Purcell and Debussy may seem strange theatrical bedfollows but the musical 'man-in-the-street' tends to think of them both as one-opera composers (*Dido* and *Pelléas*), and in a way, of course, he is right. What these two excellent books from the Cambridge University Press prove, however, is that those two works are only a minuscule part of the enormous amount of music which both composers wrote for the theatre: Purcell for more than fifty stage productions and Debussy for sixty-five stage 'projects'. And there lies the principal difference between these impressive figures. Purcell actually got all that music down on paper and had it performed, while Debussy either discarded or left unfinished many compositions, or even failed to write a note for the numerous subjects and ideas which he contemplated. Each was, in his own way, typical of the attitude to theatre commissions in the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries and the twentieth.

Purcell was a brilliant music dramatist rather than an opera composer, his major stage works, *Dioclesian, King Arthur* and *The Fairy Queen*, being essentially plays to which a great deal of music is added, and in his book Mr Price deals with the spoken drama in almost as much detail as the music, thus setting a famous song into an unfamiliar text. (*Sweeter than roses* is sung as an aphrodisiac to a concubine, Pandora; *Music for a while* to charm the ghost of Laius—and he has some tart things to say about most of the published editions of this song!)

Mr Price emphasises that what London wanted during the Restoration was not opera (Italian or otherwise) but drama, elaborated with plenty of spectacle and music, and so the popular playwrights provided time and opportunity for many songs, while the action took place in spoken dialogue. It is important to remember that the great songs were rarely sung by the principal protagonists (*ie* the actors) but by professional singers who took smaller parts. The simpler, strophic melodies of the later period were, however, often entrusted to the main actors. Some of the more 'suggestive' numbers were written for the young treble, Jemmy Bowen or Letitia Cross, exploiting the current vogue for child pornography. (*Man is for the woman made* is directed to be sung 'By a pretty Miss'!)

Dido and Aeneas is firmly put into place, somewhere a little lower than Purcell's best (a view shared by another great Purcellian, our late Principal), and the author has an interesting theory that the opera was never publicly performed in Purcell's time because of political (*ie* royal) reasons. How lucky the Academy is to own the manuscript of *The Fairy Queen*, the finest and most complete of all Purcell's semi-operas.

Mr Price's style is a little less honeyed than Mr Orledge's—too often the book tends to read as a series of lectures—but he does provide important and well researched details of the texts, authors and first performances of the plays, with many musical examples. Perhaps a future edition could carry another appendix devoted to a separate list of the play song-titles and their sources instead of the rather daunting complete list of works in the general index.

Robert Orledge is already well known for his definitive biography of Fauré, and this fine new book will sit happily by Lockspeiser's equivalent two-volume life of Debussy. The author immediately pin-points Debussy's dilemma by quoting the composer at a rehearsal of *Pelléas et Mélisande*: 'this theatrical life repels me as much as it bewitches me'. Debussy, like Britten, was obsessed with words and their musical overtones—that is what makes them both such fastidious song composers—but, unlike a seasoned man of the theatre, he could not compose to order, and there were some seventy-odd theatres in Paris demanding incidental music for plays, operettas, cabarets and ballets. One should not forget that in the last quarter of the nineteenth century Wagner was the cult figure and people like Debussy (*musicien français* as he signed himself) were hard put to find the right theatrical style: right, that is, for the delicate and precise French language and its classical tradition of poise and moderation. A friend's suggestion, the reading of a play, book or poem would fire his imagination; a tentative start would be made, perhaps one short scene might even be completed although often the page would remain blank; the project would be shelved, sometimes for another new idea, perhaps later reconsidered, rewritten at a different period of Debussy's life and finally, again discarded. Even *Pélleas* was left unorchestrated for six years. From 1887 until his death in 1917 sixty-five such ideas littered his studio and his mind, some of them of tantalising speculation like *The fall of the house of Usher* (the most substantial fragment, recently *un*successfully completed and performed), *King Lear, Don Juan, The Thousand and One Nights, Tristan*, etc.

Mr Orledge examines the early fragments with a masterly light touch, providing exhaustive documentary evidence through letters, diaries and conversations remembered, and giving full details of almost every page of manuscript which exists (and some that no longer do!). Some of this music found its way into the completed works and there are generous music examples and some delicious photos of contemporary stagings! Fifty pages are dedicated to the magnum opus, *Pelléas*. 'Music begins at the point where the word becomes powerless as an expressive force. . . . In the opera house they sing too much; one should sing only when it is worthwhile. . . . Nothing should impede the progress of the drama; all musical development not called for by the words is a mistake.' It all sounds like Hamlet addressing the actors, but no, it's Debussy talking (oh, that Wagner had been there!). Did, perhaps, the Director of the Paris Conservatoire do well to forbid his students to attend the opera? It was dangerous stuff in 1902. There is a provoking passage also about the distribution of the orhcestra; Debussy wanted to do away with the barrier of strings at the front of the stage and place them in a circle around the other instruments, scattering the woodwinds amongst them.

One must remember that Debussy wrote several ballets, (with Diaghilev around it was difficult to refuse!) even if the

orchestration was usually completed by other hands. Mr Orledge puts a good case for *Khamma*, his 'wretched little Anglo–Egyptian ballet', which had a stormy career, but I cannot share his enthusiasm for *La boîte à joujoux*, which seems a scrapbook of a score. But there are *L'après-midi* and *Jeux*, both wonderfully evocative pieces, and here as elsewhere Mr Orledge is excellent in discussing and quoting the variants, often surprising, as in the final bars of the latter ballet.

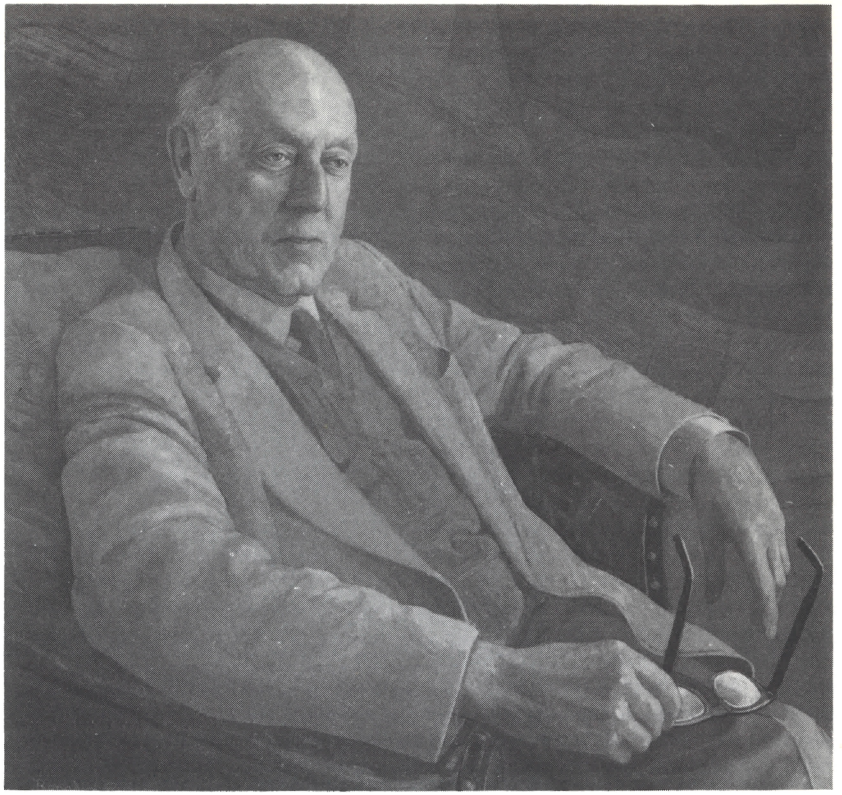
Nevertheless, the fact remains it is *Pelléas* and *Pelléas* alone which reserves for Debussy a unique place among that small band of geniuses who have wedded words to music and created a miracle of 'ideal' theatre; but let me leave the final words of Debussy himself: 'I have the curious need to leave works unfinished . . . I try to remain independent and I compose, as I must, whenever I can. That is all I can tell you.'

John Hall

The King's Singers' Madrigals (Volumes 1 & 2) (Faber Music)
These two volumes bring together a wide selection of madrigals in various languages (translations provided) in four- or five-part settings. The publication is also tied up with a two-record set of the madrigals by the King's Singers on HMV SLS 1078393. The presentation is clear and of a practical size. The publisher's intention, as stated on the cover, being '. . . to all those who like to gather together, pick up a volume—and sing'. Yes, all very fine, but what a pity that the opportunity was not taken to include a piano reduction of each madrigal, even if only for rehearsal purposes: not many amateurs (and, dare one say it, some professionals) can read open-score with sufficient fluency to appreciate the marvellous music included here.

Robert Donington: *Music and its Instruments* (Methuen)
This scholarly publication is divided into two distinct sections. In the first, the author explores matters relating to acoustics and, on a deeper level, the physiological and psychological reactions we experience in listening to music. All of this is covered in great detail, but to be honest I did not find it easy reading: it lacked a certain warmth. The second half of the book is more directly concerned with instruments themselves and indeed provides a comprehensive look at all of the various instrumental families (with some interesting and revealing passages concerning early instruments). Taken as a whole, however, it is a book for the serious student rather than the curious observer.

Michael Berkeley: *Sonata* for violin and piano; *Étude de fleurs* for cello and piano; *Three Moods* for oboe; *Worry Beads* for guitar; *Variations on Greek Folk-Songs* for viola (OUP)
As always, it has been a pleasurable experience to look at a group of Berkeley junior's compositions, and rather as before, I found myself more taken with the shorter solo works than the more substantial violin Sonata. Berkeley's ideas seem to come thick and fast and he has the ability to present them in a wholly convincing—and in the case of the solo pieces—an epigrammatic manner. It is when he moves into the larger constructions (as in the Sonata) that he sometimes seems less sure, though I confess to finding the *Adagio* movement of the Sonata a compelling and finely wrought piece of composing.



Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir,
Since my letter in the Autumn issue of the *Magazine* I have news of Benedict Rubbra's portrait of Howard Ferguson. It was not possible to hang it in the Pendlebury Library, as I hoped, as there is no spare wall space! It now hangs where it was painted, between two leather chairs in Howard's sitting room at 51 Barton Road, Cambridge, where he welcomes anyone wishing to see it. Here it will remain until his death, when it will come to the RAM, where he taught for fifteen years, and I look forward to searching with Dr David Lumsden for a good place! It is a very fine piece of work and interpretation of character.

Yours faithfully,
Joy Finzi

Bushey Leaze,
Hill Green,
Leckhampstead,
Newbury,
Berkshire RG16 8RB

Dear Sir,
It may interest readers to know that we are tyring to form a Young Members' Section to the RAM Club. This is a totally new concept and there will obviously have to be an experimental period before it becomes an established entity. As well as offering access to the usual Club activities we are hoping to provide opportunities to go to some of the Union Balls, to see films, to hold information evenings (with agents, accountants, etc.) and also to have our own social events. This list of ideas shows only a few of the possibilities that come instantly to mind, and in future editions of the *Magazine* we are hoping to be able to advertise

forthcoming events as well as publish Members' letters and articles. If anyone reading this letter is interested in joining the section please do not hesitate to contact me (via the Academy); and may I take this opportunity to add that any Club Member will be welcome to any of our functions once we get going!

RAM

Yours faithfully,
Deborah Salt

Notes about Members and others

The portrait of Ursula Vaughan Williams (above) by Benedict Rubbra now hangs in the RVW Music Centre at Charterhouse, opened on 14 October 1984.

John Gardner's second Symphony is to receive its first performance in July 1985 by the Stoneleigh Youth Orchestra under Adrian Brown at the Fairfield Hall, Croydon. His first Symphony, first performed in 1951, will also be given in July in Chelmsford by the Essex Symphony Orchestra under Antoine Mitchell. On 30 March his *Ballad of the White Horse*, which was first performed in 1959 by the Dorset Guild of Singers and the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra under Sir Charles Groves, will be revived by the same artists in the Wessex Hall, Poole. Two performances of his opera *Tobermory*, premièred at the opening of the Academy's Sir Jack Lyons Theatre in 1977, were mounted at the University of Manitoba in December 1984 under the direction of Karen Jensen.

Giles Swayne's opera *Le nozze di Cherubino* was produced for the first time at the Jeanetta Cochrane Theatre on 22 January.

Robert Crowley gave an organ recital in St Paul's Cathedral on 25 January at which he played Roy Teed's *Fanfares and March* and Arthur Wills's *Postlude on the tune 'Michael'*.

Following on from two very successful concerts last year, including the first two symphonies of Sibelius and the Dvořák cello Concerto with Timothy Hugh as soloist, Antoine Mitchell has been appointed the conductor of the Essex Symphony Orchestra. He studied at TCM and the RAM (with Maurice Miles), and more recently spent two years under Franco Ferrara at the Accademia Musicale Chigiana in Siena.

Paul Patterson's *Concerto for Orchestra* has recently been performed a number of times by different orchestras including the Hallé, Sydney Symphony, BBC Welsh Orchestra and the Cologne Radio Orchestra. His *Sinfonia* was performed several times by the City of London Sinfonia on their tour of Germany. He is to be the featured composer in two festivals this summer. At Greenwich nine of his works will be played, including the first performances of a brass Quintet (Gabrieli Brass Ensemble) and a *Missa Brevis* (Thomas Tallis Choir). The Nash Ensemble will play his *At the still point* and he himself will conduct the ECO in a performance of his *Sinfonia*. At the Llandaff Festival there will be several performances, including the première of his *Euro-Variations* with the European Community Chamber Orchestra, and the BBC Welsh Orchestra will play his *Mass of the Sea*.

Andrew Morris has been elected Chairman of the New Macnaghten Concerts.

The Royal Concert, held as part of the 1984 Festival of St Cecilia, was given on 21 November in the Royal Albert Hall, and was entirely devoted to music by Handel, as part of the 'Handel in London' festival. The orchestra and chorus were drawn from the RAM, TCM, the GSMD, the RCM and the LCM, the soloists included Felicity Lott, Dame Janet Baker, Nicolai Gedda, John Shirley-Quirk and David Lumsden, and the conductors were Sir David Willcocks and Meredith Davies. At the service held in the Church of St Sepulchre without Newgate on the same morning a new anthem, *Love, unto thine own*, by Sir Thomas Armstrong, was sung.

Bram Wiggins has been awarded the prize in the Worshipful Company of Musicians competition for an original composition for Symphonic Wind Band.

John McLeod's symphonic poem *The Gokstad Ship* is being played as a prelude to the film *1984* at every showing at the Odeon Haymarket in London during its current run. His Twelve Preludes for piano were recently premièred at the Purcell Room in a recital by Richard Orlando Thompson. He wrote the score for the BBC 1 TV drama documentary *In Darkness Visible* which will soon be seen again on BBC 2. Future performances include excerpts from *Mrs McLeod's Harpsichord Book* and the first performance of *Variations on a theme of Scarlatti* for harpsichord (Edinburgh University, 5 March) and piano Sonata No 2 (BBC Studio 1 Concert, 11 April). New commissions include a film from NBC TV in Hollywood, a violin Sonata from Peter Mountain and Angela Dale, and a *Stabat Mater* from the Edinburgh Royal Choral Union.

David Barrell (baritone) is the first Academy student to be awarded the American London Symphony Orchestra Foundation Scholarship to the Juilliard School in New York. He will spend twelve months studying at the Juilliard School, commencing in September 1985. It is intended that a Juilliard student will spend a year at the Academy in 1986–7, and that thereafter the award will alternate on an annual basis between the two institutions.

Deaths

Sybil Barlow, FRAM, 17 February 1985
May Blyth (Mrs Aylmer Buesst), FRAM, 23 February 1985
Josephine Mary Bush (*née* Adamson), 20th November 1984
Frederic R Cox, OBE, MA (Oxon), Hon RAM, 2 March 1985
Geoffrey Crump, MA (Cantab), Hon RAM, 31 December 1984
Jessie Furze, ARAM, 1984
George Kim, November 1984
Morgan Lloyd, MBE, ARAM, 26 January 1985
Sir William McKie, MVO, MA, B Mus (Oxon), D Mus (Oxon, Melbourne), Hon RAM, Hon FRCO, Hon FTCL, FRCM, Hon FRSCM, Knight Commander with the Star Order of St Olav, 1 December 1984
Sir Robert Mayer, CH, KCVO, Hon FRAM, FTCL, Hon GSM, FRCM, 9 January 1985
Bernard Symons, ARAM, 6 November 1984
Mary Lowe Synott (Mrs d'Oisley), 1 February 1985
Constance Warren, FBSM, 16 October 1984

Distinctions

Privy Councillor
The Rt Hon Lord Justice Lloyd, QC, DL (East Sussex)

Knight Bachelor
Reginald Goodall, CBE, Hon RAM, FRCM

CBE
Philip Ledger, MA, Mus B (Cantab), Hon RAM, FRCO, FRCM
William Mathias, D Mus (Wales), FRAM
Robert Ponsonby, MA (Oxon), Hon RAM, FRSA

OBE
Paul Steinitz, D Mus (Lond), FRAM, FRCO

Hon D Mus (Leeds)
Julian Bream, OBE, D Mus (Surrey), Hon RAM, FRCM

Hon Mus D (Manchester)
Richard Lewis, CBE, FRAM, FRMCM

Hon M Mus (Sheffield)
Roger Bigley, ARAM
Peter Cropper, Hon MA (Manchester), ARAM
Bernard Gregor-Smith, ARAM

FRCM
Raymond Leppard, CBE, MA (Cantab), D Litt (Bath), Hon RAM, Commendatore al Merito della Repubblica Italiana
Elizabeth Maconchy, CBE, Hon RAM
Mstislav Rostropovich, Hon D Mus (Oxon), Hon Mus D (Cantab, St Andrew's, Harvard, Yale), Officier de la Légion d'Honneur, Hon RAM

Hon RCM
Lisa Beznosiuk
Peter James, Ph D, B Mus (Wales), Hon RAM, FBSM
Ronald Smith, FRAM, FTCL

Birth

Westrip: to Stuart and Carolyn Ruth Westrip (*née* Richards), a son, Matthew Stuart, 27 October 1984

RAM Awards

LRAM Diploma, January 1985
Piano (Teachers') Cheryl Brown, Theodore Charalabopoulos, Evelyn Glennie, Judith Hall, Jonathan Papp, Catherine Seville, Mark Smith, Peter Smith
Organ (Performers') Carol Williams
Organ (Teachers') Jane Pearson
Violin (Teachers') Caron Butler, Hilary Giles, Marie-Véronique Matarasso
Viola (Teachers') Mary Whittle
Cello (Teachers') Andrew Manoras, Janet Solomon
Flute (Teachers') Elisabeth Parry
Clarinet (Teachers') Marios Molandonis
Trumpet (Performers') Andrew Everton
Trumpet (Teachers') Jayne Barnes, Rodolfo Saglimbeni
Horn (Teachers') Ann Harrison
Trombone (Teachers') Nigel McDonald, Malcolm Swan
Timpani and Percussion (Teachers') Evelyn Glennie

RAM Club News

Jeffery Harris

The Annual General Meeting was held on 20 November, with thirty-five people present. The out-going President, Marjorie Thomas, took the Chair. The following Officers of the Club were elected:
President John Davies
Vice-President Marjorie Thomas
Honorary Secretary Jeffery Harris
Honorary Assistant Secretary Bridget Campbell
Honorary Treasurer Wilfred Smith
Auditors Gane, J Jackson & Walton

The four Committee members elected were: Lynton Black, Patricia Clark, Jean Harvey and Mark Wildman. Marjorie Thomas welcomed John Davies to the Presidency and he in turn thanked her for fulfilling her term as President with much warmth and charm. The concert following the meeting was given by members of the Songmakers' Almanac: Graham Johnson, Susan Bullock and Lawrence Wallington. They provided an interesting and most enjoyable programme, and the fine singing and playing were greatly appreciated by all.

Jonathan Plowright, who is the recipient of the first Vivian Langrish Memorial Fund award, will give his recital in the Wigmore Hall on 18 November. He greatly needs and deserves the support of as many Club members as can go. We all know the difficulties of getting an audience at Wigmore Hall concerts, and your support of Jonathan would be much appreciated.

The Annual Dinner! It has been decided by mutual agreement that the Academy and the Club should hold separate Dinners. Many members have found the expense too great in recent years, therefore the Club will hold the Dinner in late June in the Duke's Hall, by kind permission of the Academy. The cost has not yet been assessed, but will be considerably less than usual. The price of the ticket will only cover food; pre-dinner drinks and wines can be bought separately, and at resonable prices! This is much fairer to those members who prefer non-alcoholic drinks. There will be a seating plan so that members can sit with whomever they wish. It is hoped also that there will be a short entertainment. The Committee has given much thought and discussion to the subject, and hopes that the evening will be enjoyable and prove a success. There will be more time for

people to circulate and talk to friends than there has been in the past. It is also hoped that more students and young members will be able to come to the Dinner, and be more involved with the Club, the aim of which is to promote social contact amongst present and past students. Please support the Dinner if you can.

Alterations and additions to List of Members

Town Members

Abbott, Jocelyn, *61a Lillieshall Road, SW4 0LW*
Adams, Margaret, *43b Barclay Road, Leytonstone, E11*
Fletcher, Malcolm, *18 Hamilton Road, Sidcup, Kent DA15 7HB*
Hannay, Fiona, *25 Stewarts Grove, SW3*
Maxwell, Michael, *29 Riverview Road, W4 3QH*
Mitchell, Antoine, *32 Cowley Road, Ilford, Essex*
Roe, Catherine (Mrs Williams) *50 Chestnut Road, SW20 8EB*
Vaughan, Karen, *35 Parolles Road, N19 3RE*

Country Members

Bentley, Lionel, *47 Mayflower Way, Farnham Common, Buckinghamshire*
Beveridge, Mrs K M, *3 Sweda Court, Chesham Road, Brighton, East Sussex BN2 1NG*
Byrne, John, *7 Burnham Grove, Wigan, Lancashire WW2 1AG*
Brockis, Helen, *'Patmos', 8a Cooling Road, High Halston, Nr Rochester, Kent ME3 8SA*
Davies, Elizabeth, *2 Brightstowe Road, Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset*
Engel, Paul, *8 Portland Grove, Clayton, Newcastle-under-Lyne, Staffordshire ST5 4JH*
Faulkner, Jane, *4 One Tree Lane, Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire*
Green, Lance, *9 Old Aisle Road, Kirkintilloch, Glasgow G66 3HH*
Gwyther, Lesley, *70 Mill Hill Road, Irby, Wirral, L61 4XF*
Kingsley, Dorothy, *11 Arbury Dale, The Fairways, Shepshed, Leicestershire LE12 9JS*
Rees, J Stuart, *The Old House, Wickham Market, Woodbridge, Suffolk IP13 0RA*
Stallard, Mrs Elizabeth (*née* Hatton,), *Southfield, Broomy Hill, Hereford*
Upwood, Dorothy, *94 Church Lane, Newington, Sittingbourne, Kent ME9 7JU*

Overseas Members

Kredian, Nairy, *1909 Treetop Lane #32, Silverspring, Maryland 20904, USA*
Parrott, L Gurney, *c/o Hotel Midas, 45 Tigne Street, Sliema, Malta*
Van Veen, Mrs Jane, *Kiel Training Centre, BFPO 108*

Young Members

Ball, Philip, *2 bis rue de Mars-la-Tour, 54000 Nancy, France*
Bingham, Stephen, *119a Osbaldston Road, N16*
Britton, Rhodri, *22 Chalcot Square, NW1*
Casperd, Philip, *40 Taylor Road, Richmond, Surrey TW10 5DW*
Cliffe, Nigel, *55 Thames Road, W4 3PR*
Cooper, Rachel, *82 Brookside Road, NW11 9NG*
Farley, Neil, *31 Perth Road, St Leonards-on-Sea, East Sussex*
Fisher, Susannah, *61 Essex Park, N3 1ND*
Foulston, Lynne, *154a Blackstock Road, N4 2DY*
Gibbs, Charles, *17a Brecknock Road, N7 0BL*

Harwood, Wendy, *96 Heathfield Road, Burdale, Southport, Merseyside*
Langfield, Maryrose, *143 Bath Road, Hounslow, Middlesex*
Mawer, Deborah, *23a Trinity Crescent, SW17 7AG*
Mortley, Gail, *4 Kendal Avenue, Epping, Essex*
Owen, Jean, *210 Chamberlayne Road, NW10 3NU*
Pancek, Mark, *84 Franciscan Road, SW17 8DQ*
Parry, Susan, *7 Hill Rise, Sundon Park, Luton, Bedfordshire*
Rich, Antony, *25 Park Road, Wembley, Middlesex*
Richardson, Karen, *82 Brookside Road, NW11 9NG*
Spencer, Clare, *34 Bayham Road, Sevenoaks, Kent TN13 3XE*
White, David, *98 Gainsborough Road, Kew, Richmond, Surrey*

RAM Concerts

Autumn Term

Symphony Orchestra

6 December
Elgar 'Enigma Variations', Op 36—'Nimrod'
(In Memoriam Ralph Holmes)
Borodin Overture 'Prince Igor'
Mozart Clarinet Concerto in A, K 622
Rachmaninov Symphony No 2 in E minor, Op 27
Conductor Maurice Handford
Soloist Duncan Prescott (clarinet)
Leader Justine Watts

Sinfonia

5 December
Strauss 'Intermezzo', Op 72—Four Symphonic Interludes
Mozart Piano Concerto in G, K 453
Oliver Knussen 'Coursing', Op 17
Haydn Symphony No 83 in G minor ('La Poule')
Conductor Nicholas Braithwaite
Soloist Haesung Min (piano)
Leader Ann Criscuolo

Repertory Orchestra

23 November
Berlioz Overture 'Le Carnaval Romain', Op 9
Panufnik Sinfonia Mistica (1977)
(in the presence of the composer)
Nielsen Symphony No 3, Op 27 ('Sinfonia Espansiva')
Conductor Colin Metters
Soloists Helen Roberts (soprano), David Barrell (baritone)
Leader Stephen Bingham

Chamber Orchestra

17 October
Handel Grand Concerto in G minor, Op 6/6
Haydn Symphony No 49 in F minor ('La Passione')
Handel Organ Concerto in F, Op 4/5
Bach Suite No 3 in D, S 1068
Director Trevor Pinnock
Soloist Trevor Pinnock (organ)
Leader Simon Standage

In addition to regular lunchtime concerts, evening recitals were given by Nicholas Cooper (cello) on 9 October, Rita Manning (violin) on 30 October, and Timothy Wilson (counter-tenor) on 13 November; and a concert was given by students from the Royal Irish Academy of Music, Dublin, on 14 November.

Offenbach 'Orpheus in the Underworld'
29 and 30 November, and 3 and 4 December
Orpheus Christopher Ventris
Eurydice Lynne Davies
Pluto David Barrell
Jupiter Rhodri Britton
Juno Hermione Holt
Venus Annemarie Sand
Cupid Judith Russell
Diana Jane Ford
Mercury Huw Evans
Apollo Philip Lloyd-Evans
Gladys Grundy Shirley Tyack
John Styx David Dyer
Understudies Stephen Medland, Fiona Lamont, Andrew Mayor, Philip Jones, Sandra Hall, Helen Roberts, Helen Mason, Nicholas Hills, Andrew Forbes, Gemma Carruthers, Antony Rich
Chorus Emma Clarke, Terri Coyle, Philippa Daly, Carol Green, Sandra Hall, Anne-Marie Hetherington, Fiona Lamont, Caroline Leeks, Helen Mason, Clara Miller, Hania Prawdzic-Golemberska, Karen Richardson, Helen Roberts, Sidonie Bond, Gemma Carruthers, Denise Hector, Judith Horsnell, Alison Mitchell, Susan Parry, Nicholas Hills, Stephen Medland, David Ashman, Nicolas Cavallier, Andrew Forbes, Philip Jones, Andrew Mayor
Director of Opera and Producer Peter Knapp
Conductor Nicholas Cleobury
Designer Spyros Coscinas
Lighting Bill Bray
Choreographer Lindsay Dolan
Principal Coach Mary Nash
Visiting Coaches Norman Feasey, David Syrus
Student Répétiteurs Gillian Cummings, Mark Newport, Andrew West
Production Manager Gabrielle Bridges
Lighting Assistant Barry Abbott
Stage Management Sheila Fraser Milne, Sulyn Fowler, Kallia Kerameos
Sound Operators Shaun McMann, Hazel Ryan
Wardrobe Margaret Adams, Rose Chandler
Millinery Kate Stewart
Wigs and Make-up David Lewis
Accessories Ray Shepphard
Sound Supervisor Douglas Tilbury
Set Albert Cristofoli, Eddie McGinness
Scene Painter Fred La Conte

Orpheus in the Underworld. Photographs by Clive Totman

Orpheus, Gladys Grundy, Pluto, Juno and Jupiter (Christopher Ventris, Shirley Tyack, David Barrell, Hermione Holt and Rhodri Britton)

Pluto, Gladys Grundy, Jupiter and Eurydice (David Barrell, Shirley Tyack, Rhodri Britton and Lynne Davies)